

# TALE OF MADRID.



HE slats of the shutters, hermetically closed, still allowed to penetrate into the boudoir a softened day, but enveloped in semi-darkness a part of the chamber. At the farther end of a broad bay window, wide open, faced upon a closed court of white marble, in the midst of which the jet of a fountain played into its basin with the light silvery tinkle of a string of shaken pearls.

In the darkest corner of the room Donna Felicina, stretched upon a chaise longue, fanned herself slowly, touched to her lips from time to time a fragrant papillo and watched with weariness, rather than with the quickened heart throbs of love, the appointed hour approach when, with apparent pleasure, she must listen to the amorous vows of Don Carlos Frarez.

Through the pale, intermittent mist of her cigarette the face of Donna Felicina appeared adorably pretty, with great languishing black eyes and masses of wavy black hair rippling back from a perfect brow. At sixteen years she had married, for pecuniary reasons, the old duke of Campos-Mayo, one of the most illustrious families of the Madriline nobility, and since her widowhood, thirsting for all that her youth had never known, she had thrown off—to those that knew her well—all conventional restraints, and led, under the appearance of a life quiet and sedate, the complex, tangled existence of a woman—no matter what price she paid for it—unable to grasp the longed-for joys.

Often, as in this moment of half-sorrowful reverie, she asked herself why did she, turn by turn, swear love and fealty to Don Carlos Frarez and Don Francisco Pelar, he who alone, by his amiability, his wit and his devoted love for her, had been able to touch her heart; but only to touch it, for the truth must be told—Donna Felicina was a coquette, as soulless as all coquettes, and had really no heart to touch.

Lying there in that dusky, quiet boudoir, the stillness broken only by the soft rain of the fountain plashing merrily into its basin, she was suddenly roused from her painful thoughts by the entrance of her old duenna, who had come to announce Don Francisco Pelar.

She started up impatiently. In spite of her liking for him, Francisco Pelar greatly wearied her at times by his ardent importunities; then, too, in a moment she expected the other. Still, he was there, and, counting upon quickly dismissing the indiscreet one, she responded resignedly:

"Bid him enter."

And immediately Francisco appeared, a tall, handsome cavalier, young, of stalwart form and haughty manners. Going straight to the chaise-longue he dropped to his knees beside it and pressed a passionate



THEY TOOK THEIR POSITIONS kiss upon the slender fingers of Felicina. An act of devotion so obviously sincere that it effaced her first irritation, and she demanded almost graciously, as she arose:

"To what do I owe the pleasure of your company to-day, senor?"

"To the need of seeing you! It seems to me that a century has passed since I was with you last!"

She laughed a rippling, silvery laugh, but which, nevertheless, to the ear of any one but a lover, had a hard metallic ring in it that sugared ill for her tenderness of heart.

"When you passed all of day before yesterday here? One could almost believe that you live but for me, senor."

"Do you doubt it, senorita?" responded he reproachfully.

"No, Francisco, I believe in your love for me, believe in it fully—otherwise would I have done as I have done—admitting you here at all hours, placing myself, my honor, almost my reputation, in your hands?"

"Thanks, thanks, senorita."

Again he seized her hand and

pressed passionate kisses upon the rosy flesh. A moment's silence fell between them. Then Francisco, his brow suddenly clouded, resumed with a little embarrassment:

"I do love you; you know that, Felicina, and the kind words you have given me, the generosity you have shown me, embolden me to ask of you a favor."

"What?"

"It is a great favor; I realize it: but, loving you as I do, I wish to be the only man to enter your house; that all cavaliers that assail your door should be banished—above all that friend of your brother's Captain Don Carlos Frarez."

"Why? He is a good fellow."

"Without knowing why, I am jealous of him, jealous to frenzy of this gallant wielder of swords. I—I am afraid that you prefer him to me—"

She stopped him proudly.

"Enough, senor, you offend me."

At the same instant the duenna appeared again, saying:

"Don Carlos Frarez, senorita, who asks if you will receive him."

At the name of his hated rival Francisco paled frightfully and a startled glance flashed from under the young Spaniard's long, black lashes. She was going to respond negatively, when, without longer awaiting permission, the captain entered, his spurs resounding upon the polished floor.

"Pardon me, cara mia," said he, in a loud voice, "if I come in without permission. I know that you expected me—"

He stopped short; he had seen Francisco and recoiled angrily.

"You are not alone?"

"A friend," murmured Felicina, whom this inopportune encounter of her two lovers a little disconcerted. But not wishing this to be seen, she regained with an effort her composure and courteously presented them:

"Senor Francisco Pelar, Captain Don Carlos Frarez."

They were forced to salute each other, but, nevertheless, the two men eyed each other defiantly, almost as if measuring one another.

For awhile, in spite of the inward constraint that vexed her, Felicina managed to keep the conversation upon commonplace topics. Then suddenly, without warning, Francisco, who wished to establish indisputably his intimacy before the young officer, stooped and murmured a tender gallantry in Felicina's ear. Instantly, as if stung, the captain was on his feet, demanding:

"Since when, sir, did courtesy authorize a whisper to a lady in public, sir?"

"And since when, sir," Francisco returned in the same tone, "does a gentleman force himself into a lady's presence without permission, sir?"

"I have a right to enter this."

"One only, sir, has such a right; it is I."

"Senors, senors, this scene is ridiculous!" Felicina protested nervously, pale and shaken in spite of herself.

"Ah!" said Don Carlos, threateningly, turning upon her savagely, "they told me that you deceived me with this youngster, here—"

"You insult the senorita and me too, sir," Francisco broke in, white with passion. "You will answer for it to me, sir. There, take that!"

And as he spoke he flung his glove in the captain's face.

"As soon as you please, senor!"

And without a word or look toward Felicina, standing white and speechless between them, the two men turned upon their heels and passed from the room.

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A damp breeze had sprung up as the day wore on, agitating the leaves as with a foreboding shiver, and the birds chirping and calling, flitted from thicket to thicket, seeking a rest for the night and shelter from the cold gray mist blowing in from the sea, into which the sun, glowing through the fog like a ball of copper, was slowly sinking.

Suddenly the noise of footsteps broke the stillness of the wood, sleeping in the shadow behind the castle, and in the clearing four men appeared.

Already, in haste to finish the business, Francisco had stripped to his shirt sleeves, when Don Carlos advanced to his side.

"I have a word or two to say to you first, senor," said he in a grave voice.

"Be brief, then, please; explanation at this hour is superfluous and out of place."

"Brief I shall be," Don Carlos replied, quietly. "I wish only to speak to you of the unworthy woman who, like a courtesan, has tricked and played with us both."

"I forbid you, do you hear, sir? Forbid you, I repeat, to outrage thus Donna Felicina," Francisco returned firmly.

"You still excuse her, then; you hold to your blindness, to your judgment of her, warped by the beauty of this charmer till truth itself becomes a lie to you? You shall hear it, anyway. She, whose lips are damp yet with your kisses, swore to me but yesterday the same vows of fidelity and love."

"Be silent, be silent!" groaned Francisco, concealing his face, "you kill me!"

"Ah, you suffer, do you, suffer as I

suffered?" Don Carlos continued bitterly, "you love her still, you still remember the hours passed at the side of this heartless coquette, who has willed the hearts from our bodies but to wring them with torture! 'Tis useless then to talk to you longer, but hear what I say. I swear that if I kill you in the combat to come, Donna Felicina, too, shall perish by my hand and by the same sword that strikes you down!"

"And I," cried Francisco, his eyes blazing with fury and jealous passion, "swear to kill her, too, if, in the combat to come, your death lies at my door, for so should die all those that lie to their vows of love."

"Senors, are you ready?" cried behind them the seconds, waiting to begin.

They took their positions and at the first pass Francisco fell mortally wounded, the word, the last name he uttered, "Felicina," frozen forever upon his cold lips.

In the chamber lighted only by a taper under a shaded globe that spread about it a rosy glow, the great ebony bed, carved and canopied with gold-embroidered draperies as for the rest of a royal princess, stood out imposingly. Felicina slept peacefully and soundly, a sleep untroubled by a dream, untouched by regret. What did it matter to her that the day had broken upon the scene of Francisco's death?

Suddenly the portiere was thrown back and on the threshold Don Carlos stood, shining in his hand, under the flame of the rose-shaded taper, the sword still stained at the end with Francisco's blood.

He raised his arm and without giving himself a moment to think, struck with all his force and strength straight to her heart.

She uttered no cry, scarcely more than stirred her beautiful limbs and that was all.

When the duenna came, as usual, next morning to call her mistress, she found her dead, cold and white as the pillow upon which she lay; at her side, kneeling where he had fallen, dead also, Don Carlos Frarez, had thrown himself upon the sword with which he had executed his victims.

## A SNAIL TRAIN.

Where Time and Railroads Almost Move Backwards.

There is a branch line in the west of Ireland where, if anything was forgotten, the train went back to recover it. On this line a traveler getting out to stretch his legs, asked the guard:

"How long do you wait at this station?" "We'll go on just whenever it suits you, sir," was the obliging reply. He was the only passenger by the train. Frankfort Moore tells in a recent book of a delightful station-master who used to stroll round the carriages when the trains stopped with special inquiries after the health and comfort of each passenger. The regulars he knew intimately, and all their concerns, their ailments, etc., and everything was inquired after in detail. One day a hasty commercial gentleman, whose patience had given out, attempted a sarcastic rebuke.

"Look here, station-master," he cried; "is there a break-down on the line?" "I don't know, indeed, sir," was the bland reply; "but I'll try and find out for you." The station-master went off and did not return for five minutes. "I've telegraphed up the line, sir," he said, "and I am happy to inform you that no information regarding a break-down has reached any of the principal stations. It has been raining at Ballynamuck, but I don't think it will continue long. Can I do anything for you, sir?" "No, thank you," said the commercial gentleman, meekly. "I can find out for you if the Holyhead steamer has had a good passage, if you don't mind waiting for a few minutes," suggested the official; "what! you are anxious to get on? Certainly, sir. I'll tell the guard. Good-morning, sir." When the train was at last in motion, a very old man in a corner pulled out his watch and then turned to the commercial traveler. "Are you aware, sir," he said, tartly, that your confounded inquiries kept us back just seven minutes? You should have some compensation for your fellow-passenger me tell you, sir." A murmur of went round the compartment.

## The Women to Blame.

Professor Peal, the ethnologist recently described to the Asiatic condition of the head-hun gas on the borders of the Ass women are to blame for the ane of the practice; they young men who are not tatt the latter go out and cut off exhibit to them, fully half are those of women and The area occupied by the tr more than twenty miles sq in it during the past forty y than twelve thousand mind been committed for the sake ghastly trophies.

## Solitary Confinement.

Solitary confinement is cal doctors state, to produce mela suicidal mania, and loss of Nine months of absolutely confinement are almost cer sult in the mental ruin of

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

"Is your husband fond of horses?" "I think so. At least I have heard him speak approvingly of brandy ponies."

## A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results will follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

No matter how great he may have been, no man ever yet looked impressive when he was putting on a fresh-starched bosom shirt.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Minister—So you say that you saw some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bobbie. I hope you did something to discourage them. Bobbie—Oh, yes, sir; I stole their bait.

## If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WIGGLES' SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Jack—Five dollars isn't much money, is it? John—It's five dollars more than I would lend anybody of my acquaintance these hard times.

## "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

"Who is the new boarder?" "He's one of the greatest inventors of the age." "In what line?" "Excuses for not paying his board."

## Coe's Cough Balsam.

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

She—But suppose that you should learn that I am but a penniless girl, what would you say? Mr. Makelove—Er—Good-by.

## Christmas Presents Free.

With the first cold snap comes thoughts of the holiday season, and how to get the money to buy presents for friends and relatives. Christmas presents may be obtained entirely free of cost by drinking Lion coffee and then mail the large lion heads cut from Lion coffee wrappers to the Woolson Spice Company, Toledo, Ohio. Their list of presents comprise a fine assortment of pictures, books, a knife game, etc., especially a fine picture game. "Meditation," mailed in exchange for eighteen large lion heads. Besides getting these presents you also get the finest coffee in the world by using Lion coffee, sold only in one pound packages. If your dealer hasn't an Illustrated Premium List, send your address on a postal card to the firm above named.

It is conceded in college circles that athletes have more backbone than half-back.

# Know

that there is on remedy, as h St. Jacobs

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## ODDS AND ENDS.

A cloak, A. D. 72, cost sixty cents. Charlemagne paid \$7 for a pair of shoes.

Margaret Conn, aged 92 years, of Boston, committed suicide by inhaling gas.

Nearly half of the 950 students enrolled at the Chicago university are women.

There are but six buildings in the world larger than the Texas state capitol.

In a single sawmill in Washington state two women work on shingle machines.

An air-pump is said to have been devised which sweeps a room by sucking the dust all out of it.

A Philadelphia lady, as a will contest in that city discloses, expressed a desire to be buried in her seal skin sash.

No man is any stronger than his weak spot.

Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker.

The only thing that can really hurt any man or nation is sin.

Just as surely as there is sin in the heart there will be sins in the life.

Shadows have no claws, but they have frightened many people to death.

If some people had money enough they would vex themselves to death.

A genius is a man who does something that others say cannot be done.

The man who builds a house tells the whole neighborhood something about himself.

Men are made rich, not by what the world can give, but by what it can't take away.

If you want to find a pleasure greater than making money, try giving some of it away.

When it turns black everywhere else, you can find plenty of light by looking straight up.

Nobody wants to keep a runaway horse, but many keep a runaway temper and think nothing of it.

Talking about charity beginning at home, is one of the ways by which we can let people know none.

Never fear motive to t' most infirm trouble.



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